

"Who goes there?"

"A friend!" It was Sam Houston.

"I am going by invitation to a meeting of clergymen, at the corner of Ann and Nassau streets to make a speech about the best mode of reforming the Indians. Come along Major."

We did go, and I heard a most able and interesting discourse, showing his familiarity with the red men, and deprecating the course pursued to reform them, by giving them religion first, and then education and industry. He was practical and convincing, but they did not carry out his propositions. This is a class of men we find in our Senate—men, not made off-hand by a tailor, but fashioned by nature for perseverance, courage, and constancy.—*Noah's Message.*

Flesh Turned to Stone.—The London correspondent of the Boston Atlas, states that Dr. Silvester, an Italian, has revived the discovery of "a method of hardening, even to the consistency or rather solidity of marble any organized substance."

He is further said to have exhibited, amongst other specimens of his skill, "a woman's head, with the hair parted and dressed, the hair retaining its flexible properties and color, although the surface from which it grew resembled stone. There was also a child's hand, plump and dimpled as in life, but cold, semi-transparent, and ringing like marble when struck. A piece of Liver, of its deep, rich, chocolate brown color, somewhat resembling red granite, and a petrified tongue appeared as if it never could have emitted a sound. It was literally 'a tongue in stone.' The learned Doctor says, that so cheap is the process, that at a very small expense our dead friends may be turned into stone. This process throws entirely into shade the Egyptian art of embalming.

Singular Malformation.—A Heart outside of the Chest.—The Baltimore Sun contains the following account of the birth of a living child, with its heart outside of the chest, which was noticed in our Baltimore lot, yesterday. The heart is entirely outside of the body, and destitute of any pericardium; thus even without this natural protection it is protruded from the external surface of the chest, which at that point bears a mark resembling a cicatrix, as if the flesh had been opened, the heart pulled out, and the wound suffered to grow up again. Each pulsation, of course, can be distinctly observed, and the whole natural action of this delicate organ is made visible to the immediate investigation of the eye. This remarkable phenomenon in the history of human nature is an absolute and indisputable fact, however unlikely it is to most with credibility on the part of the public.

Latest from Mexico and Gen. Taylor's Army.

The following is a summary of the latest accounts from the seat of war:

The latest Mexican news reaches us via Matamoros, and is accompanied with the latest news from Gen. Taylor. Parades has left Mexico, and is supposed to be at Monterey, at the head of the army for resisting Gen. Taylor. Bustamante is President pro tem. during his absence.

The yellow fever has commenced at Vera Cruz, though at Matamoros it is yet healthy.

Immense rains have lately fallen in the neighborhood of the Rio Grande, and the river has overflowed its banks. The battle grounds where the late engagements occurred are now covered with water.

Gen. Taylor is making ready for a forward movement on Monterey at an early day. Steam boats have already taken transports to Camargo, to facilitate this movement.

One of the Mexican villains engaged in the murder of the Rogers family between Corpus Christi and Point Isabel, has been caught at Matamoros, and has been sent in chains to New Orleans.

The late rains have made the roads extremely bad near the camp of the army, and have also made the situation of the soldiers very uncomfortable. Many cases of severe disease have occurred among them.

Several shipwrecks have recently happened at the mouth of the Rio Grande.—The flood has taken down immense deposits which have choked the mouth and rendered passing the bar extremely difficult.

The Americans recently came very near surprising and capturing Canales at a fandango near Reynosa. He was to have attended, but perhaps smelled a rat. Two of his officers were taken, however, and are now prisoners.

Miss Democrat.

THE MISSISSIPPI LYNX.

F. Y. ROCKETT, Editor.



Saturday July 18, 1846

We are out of town, and our readers will excuse us for any lack of editorial matter.

The Volunteers.—Our Mississippi Regiment is probably off by this time for Mexico. They have been detained at Vicksburg, much longer than they expected, and were becoming very impatient and dissatisfied with what they call their "imprisonment" at Vicksburg. They have suffered much at the rendezvous—as much perhaps, from inactivity as any other cause. On the second inst. there was scarcely a company in camp, that had not from 10 to 20 on the sick list, one of the "Marshall Guards" died that night. They received word from Gen. Wool on the 8th, that they would march in less than five days, and the intelligence was received in camp with repeated shouts of joy. Those of our friends who have been sick in camp, with straw for a bed, and pickled pork for diet, have learned something of a soldier's privations. Now that they are on their march, we trust they will "keep moving, until the noise of war is hushed and they are permitted to return with honors, thick and bright upon them, to the "friends they left behind."

Let them Come.—They will come, and we have no power to prevent them from coming. Ours is a country whose constitution secures to every citizen of the world the right to come and enjoy the blessings which emanate from our institutions. We would throw no impediment in the way of their coming hither, but we would have them when they do come, not to intermeddle with the politics of the country, until they understand something of the spirit and tendency of public measures. They should not be allowed to crowd around the ballot box to bully the native citizens where they go to exercise the right of suffrage. This right should be withheld from them until such time as an alien might reasonably be supposed to understand what he is voting for, allowing sufficient time too, for him to make some considerable progress in the acquisition of our language. Hundreds, and indeed thousands, who annually land upon our shores, are industrious, refined, and intelligent people, capable of very soon comprehending our political system, but there are many more thousands so benighted, and so reckless of character, and so indisposed to acquire this knowledge so indispensable to a voter, that a less strict rule than that which the Natives contend for, would be most disastrous to any set of measures however pure, against which their influence might be set by unprincipled politicians. "Let them come," we respond, but let them first come to understand the duties and be willing to bear the responsibilities of American citizens. Let them first shed the bias of Europeanism, and fall in love with Americanism, and we will arm them to the ballot box.

Gen. Taylor—The Presidency.—The true friends of this gentleman through out the whole Union, must feel the most irrepressible contempt for those political weavers who are thrusting him before the country as a candidate for the Presidency. How men of sense should thus forget what is due to a man yet in the field of his fame—yet in the employ of the very men whom he is called upon to oppose, and hurl from power if possible, so as to connect his name with theirs to destroy the mutual confidence that does, or should exist between them under circumstances when that confidence is so essential to his success in the field, is not a little remarkable. It is probable that Gen. Taylor never had, nor now has, a serious thought about the Presidency. To connect his name with that honor now would array the administration against him, and perhaps, the whole democratic party. His victories would all be defeats, and he would be a granny. In such an event, his fields of *Palo Alto* *Resaca de la Palma* would team with evidences of his imbecility, it not cowardice. The responsibility of the war would be saddled upon his shoulders, and every craven of his army on the Rio Grande would be employed to "pile up the pyramid of calumny," until a portion of the American people would actually believe him to be a scoundrel.

The friends of the Gen. should frown upon every attempt to connect his name with the politics of the country until

the war is over, for the people of the United States will in their own good time do him ample justice.

A battle is said to have occurred at Memphis between a Tennessee and Kentucky volunteer, in which the latter was defeated. The Kentuckians were so exasperated at the defeat of their comrade, that they have sworn that a Tennessean must be whipt in return.

When Greek meets Greek &c.

Government Patronage.—The old man Ritchie of the Union is getting a golden reward for his faithful adherence to the Polk dynasty. The Baltimore Patriot says: "It is said that the profits—yes, the profits—to the Patent Office Report—ordered in immense numbers to be printed by Congress, will be ninety-five thousand dollars!!! Who wouldn't be the Government Organ?"

We observe a paragraph in the N. Orleans papers stating that U. Tyson, Commission Merchant of that city, had strangely disappeared. Mr. Tyson spent a portion of last week in our village, seemingly in fine health and spirits.

All accounts now represent Gen. Paides, on his way with a large army to the Rio Grande, and the next battle will be at Monterey. Gen. Bravo, it is thought will be proclaimed President of the Republic. Many of the apartments have proclaimed against Paides, but all are for pushing on the war with the U. States.

Celebration of the 4th at Danville Academy.—The celebration of the 4th at Danville, went off as we are informed, in fine style. The oration by Dr. H. P. Roberts, has been sent us for publication, but the pressure of business in our office has delayed its publication. The oration abounds with patriotic sentiments, well calculated to stir the hearts of the country's lovers. The meeting was organized by appointing Dr. E. B. Hibbler, President, and Gen. P. Wallace Vice President. We subject the regular and volunteer toasts drank on the occasion:

- 1st. 4th of July 1776.—The day we hail and celebrate, in commemoration of the glorious epoch on which our national existence commenced.
- 2nd. Washington.—May his name be honored and his memory revered, so long as Freedom has a votary, or devoted patriotism a friend.
- 3rd. Our Army and Navy.—Composed of Freemen, have ever shed a perfect blaze of glory on land and sea. Recent events show that they are equal to any emergency.
- 4th. The Star-spangled Banner.—Originally thirteen, now twenty nine stars,—its ample folds can yet contain new acquisitions; and may it ever float with its screaming Eagle in the azure vault of independent America.
- 5th. The President of the U. States.—May he be directed by wisdom, in his councils and honesty of purpose.
- 6th. Liberty.—The aim and destiny of man is cherish it as one of Heaven's best gifts.
- 7th. The U. States of America.—The only land where civil and religious liberty have found a sure resting place.
- 8th. The 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence.—The heaviest 56 the world ever saw. The whole British nation could not move it.
- 9th. The officers and citizen-soldiers who were killed on the Rio Grande.—First in dangerous track—foremost in the breach, with bright plumes waving over their heads, they sunk in glory's proud embrace.—We venerate their example and shed a melancholy tear to their memory.
- 10th. The south.—May she ever produce Cotton bales for her fortifications, and may never want for good Hickory wits to sew them together by a good Taylor.
- 11th. Captain May.—The Murat of America.
- 12th. Peace.—Being consonant with Republican Institutions,—may diplomacy be the instrument of our territorial acquisitions.
- 13th. The fair Ladies of our County.—Their beauty is only surpassed by their virtue, intelligence, and patriotism.

By Wm. G. Faith.—Speak as we think—do as we profess—perform what we promise, and really be what we ought to be.

By Dr. E. B. Hibbler.—Gen. Gains.—The operative and not the speculative officers—he is most efficient in Indian and Mexican warfare.

By Jno. A. Faith.—The 56 signers of the Declaration.—Thou sleeping in their silent graves, may the thought of them ever vivify every emotion of the heart.

By Charles H. Farley.—The Ladies.—We admire them because of their

virtue—adore them because of their beauty, and love them because we cannot help it.

By J. A. Robertson.—Our Literary Institutions.—May they increase and flourish until all ignorance shall be banished from our land. The only guarantee to our liberty and happiness.

By Jno. J. Ward.—Our American people.—The only happy people—if called upon to fight; hasten to fight, and when engaged, knock it off most gloriously.

By Dr. J. P. Wallace.—The Oregon Controversy.—We hail as a bright omen the prevalence of good counsel in its adjustment, and look with increased confidence to the senate of the U. S., as the great conservative body of our government.

By D. C. Ward.—Life, love, and liberty.—Love to one—Friendship to a few, and good will to all.

By H. B. Killebrew.—Success to our arms abroad, and destruction to the Mexicans and crab grass.

By James D. Farley.—The Sars and Stripes.—May they be gloriously unfurled within the walls of the City of Mexico.

The President, has ordered Gen. Gaines, to be tried by a Court Martial, for his late attempt to raise troops, for the relief of Gen. Taylor. Gen. G. wishes to be tried by a Court, of thirteen members, in Gen. Taylor's camp.

Too Bad.—The mail route, from Oxford, to Panola, has been suspended. It would take a thousand Philadelphia Lawyers, to assign a reason for this strange proceeding. We can now get nothing from the east, except by the Northern route. The distance from this place to Oxford, is only about thirty miles, and yet a letter, or newspaper, is precisely one week, in getting here.

The following was left on our table for publication. To do the author complete justice, we publish it verbatim. We did not know that we had such a genius among us before:

JUNE 24TH 1846.

This is the masonic day to honour.—To me it's all a laugh and a bother. But to them its plan and bright, As to me the day or the night.

The people to Panola hath gone, [n] To see the doing of the masons there. It will all be well carried through, I wish I was there to see what they do.

My best wishes to them all. In hopes it may break up in a ball, A return home pleased to day, Is about all I have to say, B.

THE GEORGIA MAJOR.

A SERIES OF "SAWS."

It has been said by a Roman philosopher—no matter whether Roman or not, he was a philosopher—that it takes all sorts of people to make up a world; and he might have added, that the world is but indifferently made up at that. Some are made to *saw*, others are made to be *sawed*, and in fact of these two classes are the world composed—from princes to pirates—from diplomatists to dandies, which is but another name for biped donkeys. Some never gave fear a resting-place under their vest; others are "fearfully and wonderfully made"—that is, they are afraid of every body, and wonder at everything. To this latter class does our hero belong, who was the victim of keen-cutting saws, during the recent passage of the steamboat Fashion from Brazos St. Jago to Mobile—all of which proves to us that while the world wags there will be wags in the world. But to our story.

On board the Fashion, on the trip already alluded to, was a promiscuous kind of a crowd, including the delegation from our Legislature, who visited Matamoros—U. S. officers, coming to recruit men, and men coming to recruit their health. But the observed of all observers was a live Georgia Major, from Jasper county, named Simms, who, from some unaccountable derangement of the nervous system, could be made to believe—without any effort of persuasion—that Luna is made of conglutinated milk—volgarly called green cheese. The boys soon found him out and set their *saws* to work. A brig—a Boston brig—was discovered in the distance. They at once decided that she was a long, low, black schooner—that she was a pirate of the Gulf—and between them they had as many stories of blood and murder, death's head and cross-bones, black flags and walk the plank, as would make a decent edition of the "Pirates' Own Book." Major Simms' nerves were worked up to a high pitch of excitement. They told him to have courage that they meant to sell their lives dear. He replied that he could not have courage, that he had a father and mother, a wife and four children—one of them

on the breast—at home in Jasper county, Georgia! As for selling his life dear, he should prefer not bringing it into the market at all for the present. They all armed to repel the attack of the pirate, but he trembling declined having any hand in it—he "was but a passenger and he could not by the laws of Jasper county, Georgia, be compelled to take up arms out of the State;" so down he ran and locked himself up in his berth, as the brig passed by they cut up a deuced fuss generally on deck and let off a shot from the small cannon, after which they gave three cheers that made the welkin ring! One of them then went down to Seth Simms, militia Major from Jasper county, Georgia, and told him that they beat off the pirates—for doing which he told them they were thunderin' smart fellows, and that every man of them might consider that he owed him a *drunk* when they got to New Orleans.

Shortly after this Major Simms went up to an officer of the U. S. Army who was standing on the fore-castle, and seemed wrapt up in a deep reverie. "Well, Captin," said Major Simms, "what do you think of this boat?" "I think," said the Captain, "that it is all up with us and that it will be shortly all down with her; her keel has been eat through with the worms and she is now springing a leak."

"You don't say, Captin, do you?" said Major Simms, his hair standing on end like quills on the fretful porcupine.

"I do though," said the Captain. "go see, and convince yourself."

"O! Captin," said Major Simms, "what will father and mother, my wife and four children—one of them on the breast—do at home in Jasper county, Georgia, if I'm drowned?" He ran to the Captain of the boat. "Captin, do tell," said he, "is this boat in a leaky condition?"

"So much so," said the Captain, "that if it continues we can't hold out much longer," and having had, unknown to the Major, the plug removed from where the cold water is admitted into the boilers, he pointed out to Major Simms the rapidly with which it came in, and had the pump worked to show how slowly it could be pumped out, and the precarious nature of their position.

He ran down half frantic to the cabin, acquainted his fellow-passengers of the dilemma in which they were, and craved their counsel in the premises. They knew of only one way to be saved.—They were only fifty miles from Galveston—they were two hundred and fifty miles from the Balize—unless the captain steered for Galveston they must inevitably perish! Major Simms would "give all he had—five hundred dollars—if the captain would do this. He could not afford to drown and leave his wife in Jasper county, Georgia, a *widder*." He prayed and besought the captain to steer for Galveston; but it was of no use—his course he would not alter. There was nothing then left for Major Simms but to protest; and protest he did, in the words and figures following. It was written at his instance by Mr. C.

At Sea—latitude and longitude unknown.

BEIT REMEMBERED. by this public Instrument of Protest, That on this, 16th of June, 1846, at the request of S. W. Simms, of Jasper county, State of Georgia, and also at the request of the undersigned, I, Charles Browskin, a Notary Public, duly commissioned and sworn in for and for the Sea at large, did proceed to the wheel-house of the steamer Fashion, then bound from the port of Brazos St. Jago to the city of New Orleans, and did most solemnly state to the captain thereof by the error of the pilot the said steamer, had retroceded 80 miles last night. 2d, That the said steamer is continually gaining from five to ten inches of water per hour, and is *sinking as fast as the nature of the case permits*. Further, That the engineer had publicly proclaimed his intention to blow up the boat. Wherefore, at the request aforesaid, I, the said notary, did demand of the said Captain Fullerton, who commanded said steamer, to make for the port of Galveston; which is only about 60 miles distant, as many of the passengers say, whereas New Orleans is 230 miles distant. Whereupon the said captain peremptorily refused to do the same. Whereon I, the said notary, at the said request, do make this Protest, and hold accountable for all damages, cost of exchange (in case we are taken prisoners,) and for all responsibility to our wives and children.

This done and protested in presence of Messrs. Fou and Mulet. (Signed) S. W. SIMMS, and 7 passengers, CHAS. BOWSKEN, Not. Pub.

I certify that notice of this protest was legally given to all parties concerned, by enclosing copies thereof in two

bottles, hermetically sealed, and throwing them into the sea according to law. CHAS. BOWSKEN, Not. Pub.

When it was written, he went up to the Captain, the protest in one hand, the five hundred dollars in the other, offering him either horn of the dilemma. The Captain d—d his eyes: he did not want his money: he had twenty thousand dollars on board; and to show him how little he cared for his life or his money, he would now order the Engineer to blow up the d—d boat. "Engineer!" said he, in a loud and passionate voice. "Aye, aye, sir," said the Engineer. "Engineer," said he, making, at the same time, a sign, which the Engineer well understood, "blow up the d—d boat!"

Major Simms whirled with fear, but spoke not. The Engineer suddenly turned the cock of the "scape-pipe," and bur-ur ur flew, the steam. The Major dashed to the stern of the boat, and was only prevented from jumping over by one of the passengers, who fearing such a catastrophe, watched his movements. But we cannot follow him through the unmerciful sawing which was kept up till he arrived at Mobile. The next one was that the Captain was a pirate—that in that way he made his thirty thousand dollars—that instead of taking them to New Orleans, he was taking them to the Isle of Pines, where he would have them all murdered.

Believing this, he proposed that they (the passengers) should kill the Captain and escape in the long-boat. This they assented to do, and placed him to watch the long-boat and be ready to cut it out, where they left him all night. In fact, so excited was he during the voyage, that he neither eat nor slept. When Mr. Power, the deputy-sheriff, met them at the Balize with instructions to proceed to Mobile, it was fresh food for excitement. They then had it, that the Captain had charged Major Simms, from Jasper county, Georgia, with mutiny and a design to murder, and that the sheriff came on board to put him in irons! Here was another direful dilemma for the husband of Mrs. Major Simms of Georgia, and the father of four children—one at the breast—to be placed in! He vowed—averred—protested that he was innocent; and as a proof of his sincerity, he wrote, in a tremulous hand, the following letter which he placed in possession of the Captain:

Dear beloved Captain: You have treated me very kindly on board your boat, and I am very sorry to be the cause of so much alarm on board by the protest yesterday. I think it was only that dark-colored lawyer's trick to get money out of me for his fee—but he can't come it! I hope you will forget what's past—and I promise you no more trouble in future. Try to quiet the sheriff, if you please. Your friend, S. W. SIMMS.

A ROGUE CAUGHT.—James Edens, who has been flourishing in our community as a first rate horseman, and engaged in learning horses to pace, &c., was arrested and committed to jail on Saturday last, under the following circumstances.

Mr. J. M. Farrington (with whom Edens boarded,) early on Thursday morning of last week, while purchasing some article for the use of his family, inadvertently laid his purse, containing \$107, on the railing of his porch, which he thought no more of until he had eat his breakfast. On returning to where he had left the purse, it was among the missing. All attempts to regain his lost property failed until Friday evening, when he became convinced that Edens had fished it. He accordingly invited the lark into a private room and told him that he had his money and must fork it over. Edens handed him dol. 70 of the amount, and begged Mr. F., to say nothing about it. Edens was instantly arrested, when he offered to pay Mr. F., the balance, dol 37, if he would let him off. He was, however, committed to await his trial at the next term of our Circuit Court.

Departure of Volunteers for Yucatan.—Two hundred volunteers (Sons of '76) left New York on the 10th inst. for Alexandria, D. C., where a ship is waiting to carry them to Yucatan. The remainder of the corps will leave on the 19th.

Sour Exercise.—[From the supplementary edition of Scott's Tactics.]

WORDS OF COMMAND.

Handle—Spoons!
Dip—Soup!
Blow—Soup!
Swallow—Soup! (Repeat.)
Recover—Tureen!
Return—Spoons!
Button—Waistcoat!
March!